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Our readers will perhaps have no objection to drop the Englishman leaving him to chew the cud with the last observation.

The vast collection of basaltic pillars, termed the Giants' Causeway, is situated in the vicinity of Ballinmoney, County of Antrim. The principal, or grand causeway, (there being several less considerable and scattered fragments of a similar nature) consists of an irregular arrangement of many hundred thousands of columns, formed of a dark rock, nearly as hard as marble. The greater part of them are of a pentagon figure, but so closely compacted together, that though the pillars are perfectly distinct, the very water which falls upon them will scarcely penetrate between. There are some of the pillars which have six, seven, and a few have eight sides; a few also have four, but only one has been found with three. Not one will be found to correspond exactly with the other, having sides and angles of the same dimensions; while at the same time, the sum of the angles of any one of them are found to be equal to four right angles—the sides of one corresponding exactly to those of the others which lie next to it, although otherwise differing completely in size and form. Each pillar is formed of several distinct joints, closely articulated into each other, the convex end of the one closely fitting into the concave of the next—sometimes the concavity, sometimes the convexity being uppermost. This is a very singular circumstance. In the entire Causeway it is computed there are from 30,000 to 40,000 pillars the tallest measuring about thirty-three feet. Among other wonders, there is also the Giant's Well, a spring of pure fresh water forcing its way up between the joints of two of the columns—the Giant's Chair, the Giant's Bagpipes, the Giant's Theatre, and the Giant's Organ, the latter a beautiful colonnade of pillars, 120 feet long—so called from the resemblance it seems to have to the pipes of an organ.

About two miles from the Causeway is Dunluce Castle, one of the finest ruins to be met with in Ireland. For a great many particulars connected with this remarkable place and remarkable coast, we must refer such of our readers as are anxious about it, and have more than a penny in their pocket, to the "Northern Tourist;" a valuable work published by Messrs. Curry and Co. and conclude our sketch with a condensed extract from a visit to the Causeway by the author of "Sketches in the North and South of Ireland."

"It was as fine a morning as ever fell from heaven when we landed at Dunluce. Not a cloud in the sky, not a wave on the water; the brown basaltic rock, with the towers of the ancient fortress that capped and covered it; all its grey bastions and pointed gables lay pictured on the incumbent mirror of the ocean: every thing was repose—every thing was still, and nothing was heard but the flash of our oars, and nothing but the song of Alick M'Mullen, our guide, to break the silence of the sea. We rowed round this peninsular fortress, and then entered the fine cavern that so curiously perforates the rock, and opens its dark arch to admit our boat. He must, indeed, have a mind cased up in all the common-places of dull existence, who would not, while within this cavern and under this fortress, enter into the associations connected with the scene; who could not hold communings with the "genius loci." Fancy, I know, called up for me the war-boats and the foemen, who either issued from, or took shelter in this sea-cave—I imagined, as the tide was growling amidst the far recesses, that I heard the moanings of chained captives, and the huge rocks around must be bales of plunder landed and lodged here: and I took an interest, and supposed myself a sharer in the triumphs of the fortunate, and the helplessness of the captive, while suffering under the misery that bold bad men inflicted in troubled times. Landing in this cavern, we passed up through its land side entrance towards the ruin; the day had become exceedingly warm, and going forth from the coolness of the cave into the sultry atmosphere, we felt doubly the force of the sun's power: the sea-birds had retreated to their distant rocks—the goats were panting under the shaded ledges of the cliffs—the rooks and crows, with open beaks and drooping wings, were scattered over the downs, from whose surface the air arose with a quivering undulating motion; we were all glad, for a time, to retire to where, under the shade of the projecting cliff, a clear cold spring offered its refreshing waters."

Passing by some capital legends and anecdotes, connected with Dunluce Castle, but which we may give again, we will take up our author at the Causeway.

"We had now arrived at the promontories of the Causeway. Port Coan, Port na Spania, Pleaskin, and Bengore,

all stood out before us, arresting our admiration and attention. I have certainly seen caves much more capacious, and promontories much grander than Pleaskin or Bengore; but beyond a doubt, Pleaskin is the prettiest thing in nature in the way of a promontory; it looks as if it was painted for effect, its general form so beautiful—its storied pillars, tier over tier so architecturally graceful—its curious and varied stratifications supporting the columnar ranges; here the dark brown amorphous basalt, there the red ochre, and below that again the slender but distinct black lines of the wood-coal, and all the ledges of its different stratifications tastefully variegated, by the hand of vegetable nature, with grasses, and ferns, and rock-plants. I certainly could form in my imagination some conception of what the platform, specially called the Giant's Causeway, was; and think a picture or print may convey a very fair representation of what it is; conceive a pavement of pillars set together, just like the comb of a bee-hive, or rather that of a wasp's nest. But nothing I have ever seen, I think, so much exceeded my expectation for very beauty as the promontory of Pleaskin.

"Rowing along towards the Causeway, we noticed, as we slowly sailed along, whin-dykes, and pillars, and massive basalts. The whin-dykes, as geologists call those perpendicular walls that separate the stratifications on either side protrude to form the respective promontories of this line of coast, and, where they meet the sea, present many curious forms—here resembling a battered castle, there a stack of chimneys, and here again the head and hat of a man, with a large hooked nose and wide mouth, the ochreous rock giving him withal a red face, very like the later busts of George the Third. As we passed along, it struck me that the kelp fires greatly added to the interest of the picture—the smoke wreathing up from a hundred places on this stilly day, and in pillared beauty endeavouring to rival the basaltic columns around. We were shown women ascending an almost perpendicular path, towards the top of the cliff, with large loads of kelp on their heads; they looked like mice creeping up the walls of a barn—the toil of the ascent must be enormous. Our guide told of a poor girl who was betrothed to one she loved, and who was likely to make her happy. In order to procure for themselves some little household stuff, and a few conveniences, wherewithal to begin the world, they devoted themselves for a time to avarice, here consecrated by love, so as to be indeed *auri sacra fames*. Young William was out at sea in all weathers, and Peggy, though fair and delicate, carried the kelp along that terrible path. One day, just as she had got to the steepest point of the peak, her strength failed her, and down she came, the load to which she was tied hurrying her along—and before she came to the bottom, poor Peggy was a mangled and a lifeless corpse!"

REBELLION OF SILKEN THOMAS.

GERALD, Lord Deputy, being, as related in our last number, summoned to give an account of his administration before the Council board of England, left his son to act in his stead; and before he sailed, took occasion to warn the young lord of the arduous nature of the charge committed to his care. The earl's speech to his son is preserved in Holingshed, and is full of good counsel and anxious forewarnings. It would have been well if the father's example had afforded as good a model for imitation, as his parting words. It is of little use for the mother crab to tell its daughter to walk straight, while she herself has all her life moved crooked. In the present instance the recommendation of the old Geraldine to the young lord to be ruled by the advice of his council was not long observed, for the new made Deputy had penetration enough to find that those who were placed as his counsellors, were but his secret foes, and that it was but their policy to lead him into error and extravagance, and then to rejoice over the consequences of his imprudence. The two Allens—the Archbishop, and the Master of the Rolls—were peculiarly his enemies, and their secret animosities soon broke out into open taunts and sarcasms. Allen, the Master of the Rolls, at a castle banquet, and at a moment, when the conversation turned upon the heraldic decorations, observed that the Lord Deputy's supporters, the *narmousets* or monkeys were in the habit of eating their tail. To which the Geraldine replied, "yes, master Allen, I may have been fed by my tail, but of this I shall take care, that my tail (meaning his council) shall never feed upon me!" On another occasion, the Archbishop pertly complained, in the hearing of Lord Thomas, that it was intolerable for the

council to be kept waiting for a *boy*, which keenly offended the young deputy, and he took care to let the prelate know that he had heard him. In the midst of these jealousies, the enemies of the Geraldine, at the instigation, as is supposed, of the Allens, spread the report that the Earl of Kildare, on his arrival in London, had been committed to the tower, and beheaded. This was communicated to the son, who at once fell into the trap laid for him, and confederating with some Milesian lords then in Dublin, he summoned together all the men at arms he could collect, rode through the city in martial array, crossed the Liffey, and proceeded, boiling with anger, and supported by the shouts of his followers, to St. Mary's Abbey where the Privy Council was at that time sitting, attended by his noisy rabble. Lord Thomas rushed into the chamber, and casting the sword of state on the table, he addressed the council in a speech, part of which is as follows:

"This sword of state is yours, not mine. I received it with an oath—I used it to your benefit—I should stain mine own honour if I turned the same to your annoyance. Now I have need of mine own sword, which I dare trust. As for the common sword, it flattereth me with a painted scabbard, but it hath indeed a pestilent edge, bathed in the Geraldine's blood. Therefore, save yourselves from us as from open enemies. I am none of Henry's Deputies—I am his foe. I have more mind to conquer than to govern—to meet him in the field, than to serve him in office."

The irritation of the incensed lord was not assuaged by the speech that archbishop Allen made to stay him from his purpose. The entreaties he made use of were felt to be hollow—the tears he was seen to shed were considered to be crocodile's, and the Irish bard was not chocked in his ill manners, who, while the prelate was delivering his laboured harangue, sung out his Irish verses in commendation of the bravery, the prowess, and the martial bearing of the Geraldine, whom he dubbed with the title of SILKEN THOMAS, because his numerous horsemen's accoutrements were gorgeously embroidered with silk.

Here then we observe a curious and unheard of change in the character of an individual—at one moment Chief Governor of Ireland—at another, a rebel in arms, and for a time a vigorous and successful one too. In vain the privy council sent orders to the city to have Lord Thomas arrested as he passed through the town: the citizens either could not or would not. On the contrary, so great was the success of the rebel, that the whole country was raised in his favour, the city supplies were cut off; it was placed in a state of siege; and the Archbishop and Baron Finglass obliged to shut themselves up in the castle, and stand to their defence.

Lord Thomas seems to have left no stone unturned to secure success to his cause. He sent an ambassador to the Pope; another to the King of Spain with a present of hawks and hobbies; and lost no time in invading the territory of the Butlers, who remained faithful to the king; and in overthrowing the Lord Ossory and his adherents; he then returned to Dublin and proffered security and protection to the city, provided they would allow him to besiege the castle; this the citizens, with the concurrence of the constable of the castle, consented to do, but at the same time, to shew their loyalty, and that their hearts were not with the Geraldine, they amply provisioned the fortress, which Lord Thomas resented by encouraging the Tooles and Byrnes to ravage Fingal, the source from whence the city drew its supplies; the castle, then, being about to be besieged, the Archbishop afraid of the success of his bitter foe, got on board of a small vessel at Dames gate, with the hope of escaping to England; but the ship was stranded at Clontarf, and the prelate retiring to Artane, was in the middle of the night dragged out of bed, and, barefooted and almost naked, brought before Lord Thomas, before whom he fell on his knees and besought him for the love of God to shew pity on a Christian and an Archbishop. It is universally supposed that Fitzgerald, moved with compassion, and intending only to have the prelate imprisoned, cried out to the people in Irish, *her own a buddagh*—"Take away the clown, but the attendants wilfully misconstruing their master's words, beat out the bishop's brains, and thus committed as monstrous an act of sacrilege as Irish History records. It was observed that Archbishop Allen, as the perpetrator of sacrilege, deservedly became its victim; and that he who was the ready tool of Henry's spoliation of the monastic establishments in England, met in due recompense his murderous fate; at all events his assassins left a revenge on themselves, for the two actual perpetrators shortly died of most loathsome diseases, and we shall soon see the fate that

attended Silken Thomas himself, his father, and all his uncles.

The awful excommunication is still extant that was fulminated against these murderers; and the interdiction was long held over the unhappy place where the murder was committed. In the meanwhile, Lord Thomas taking advantage of the citizens allowance to besiege the city, proceeded to plant his falcons (a species of cannon) against the castle, and it is likely he would have taken it, had not one of the city aldermen returned from London with a positive order from the king for the city to break faith with Fitzgerald; and to aid the garrison of the castle in driving him off from its walls. In revenge for this, Lord Thomas seized on the children of the chief citizens, who were at school in the country, and declared that he would place them in front of his men, exposed to the fire of the castle artillery. But the citizens, with Roman devotedness, refused any negotiation with the insurgent, and prepared not only to defend the king's castle, but their own bulwarks against the common foe. Fitzgerald then attempted after cutting off the supply of water from the city, to besiege the castle on the side of Ship-street; but was driven from his attempt by a wild fire invented by White, the constable of the fortress—which burned all his machines, and caused a fearful conflagration of the thatched and wooden houses that gave him sheltering. He then assaulted the city, by endeavouring to force the Newgate, which stood where Francis-street now joins Thomas-street. And having with his cannon pierced the gate, and killed some of the citizens inside, he was sanguine of an immediate surrender; but Richard Staunton, the gaoler of Newgate, (for this ancient bulwark was not only a city gate but a prison) seeing through a loophole, one of the gunners levelling his piece, not only fired, and shot him in the head, but he had the hardihood to rush out by the postern and actually strip the fallen foe of his arms and accoutrements. This inspired the citizens so much that they instantly made a sally, and that with such success, that they forced Fitzgerald to raise the siege, leaving an hundred Gallowglasses slain, and their falcon in the hands of the citizens.

Still Lord Thomas was not put down, for with an activity worthy of a better cause, he hastened to fortify all the Geraldine castles, especially Maynooth; he defeated at Clontarf a considerable force that had landed from England; his pirate, as he was called, Captain Rouks, was active and successful in intercepting supplies; and trusting to his friends amongst the gentry and nobility of the pale, and to the strength of his castles, he proceeded to Ulster and Connaught to strengthen his party—and to urge into active co-operation O'Neil and O'Connor. While absent on this expedition, the new Lord Deputy, Sir William Skeffington, having proclaimed lord Thomas a traitor not only in Dublin, but at the high cross of Drogheda, proceeded to besiege the Geraldine's principal fortress at Maynooth, and planting his battery on the park hill at the north side of the fortress, he summoned it to surrender; to which summons, as mine author has it, "a scoffing and ludicrous answer was returned after the Irish manner;" and therefore the siege went on, but with little success, for what with the bravery and good appointment of the garrison, and the ignorance that then prevailed in the use of artillery—for though the Lord Deputy, from having been master of the ordnance, was nicknamed the GUNNER, it would appear that he could make no great use in this instance of his guns—therefore in all probability the fortress would have held out until its master returned to raise the siege, were it not for the perfidy of the governor, Christopher Paresse, whose name has descended to posterity along with that of Luttrell and Moriarty,* because he broke one of the strongest ties that can bind an Irishman, for he was the foster-brother of Lord Thomas—this "white-livered traitor resolved to purchase his own security with his lord's ruin;" and therefore sent a letter to the Lord Deputy, signifying that he would betray the castle, on conditions; and here the devil betrayed the betrayer, for in making terms for his purse's-profit, he forgot to include his person's safety. The Lord Deputy readily accepted his offer, and accordingly, the garrison having gained some success in a sally, and being encouraged by the governor in a deep joyous carouse, they became dead drunk; and sunk in liquor and sleep, the ward of the tower was neglected—the traitorous signal given, and the English scaled the walls. Captain Holland, being the first to enter, plunged

* Irish tradition records the name of the former as having betrayed the pass at the siege of Limerick—of the latter as having betrayed the Earl of Desmond.

into a pipe of feathers, and stuck there like a bird of prey that was caught in a pigeon house. Sir William Brereton got in after him, and shouted out "St. George, St. George!" whereat one of the guards awakening, observed Captain Holland floundering in the feather barrel, and fired at him, but the flying about of the feathers marred his aim, and he fell himself by the hands of the assailants. Sir William Brereton soon advanced his standard on the top of the turret; the stronghold was won—the garrison put to the sword—all except two singing men who prostrating themselves before the Deputy, warbled a sweet sonnet called *dulcis amica*, and their melody saved their lives.

The spoil and plunder of the castle was immense, for being well appointed with all warlike munition, it was accounted the best furnished house belonging to any subject in the king's dominions.

Parese expecting some great reward, with impudent familiarity presented himself before the Deputy, who addressed him as follows: "Master Parese thou hast certainly saved our lord the king much charge, and many of his subjects' lives, but that I may better know to advise his highness how to reward thee, I would ascertain what the lord Thomas Fitzgerald hath done for thee?" Parese highly elevated at this discourse, recounted even to the most minute circumstance all the favours that the Geraldine, even from his youth up, had conferred on him. To which the Deputy replied, "and how Parese couldst thou find it in thy heart to betray the castle of so kind a lord? Here, Mr. Treasurer, pay down the money that he has covenanted for—and here also executioner, without delay as soon as the money is counted out, chop off his head!" "Oh, (quoth Parese) had I known this, your lordship should not have had the castle so easily." Whereupon one Mr. Boice, a secret friend of the Fitzgerald, a bystander, cried out, "Auntraugh," i. e. "too late, which occasioned a proverbial saying, long afterwards used in Ireland—"too late quoth Boice." In the mean while Fitzgerald had got together, by the assistance of O'Connor, a considerable army, but his troops finding the stronghold taken, shortly after deserted, and though with considerable activity, great personal bravery, and no small mental resources, he shewed himself a dangerous Guerrilla enemy, and held possession of one of the strongest counties for such a warfare in Ireland, yet eventually he was induced to surrender to the new Lord deputy, lord Grey, and rode in amicable guise side by side with him, into Dublin; some writers say that lord Grey, before the Geraldine surrendered, promised him the King's pardon. Others assert, that he gave himself up unconditionally—the result was, he was forwarded along with his uncles to England, through which he travelled as if under no accusation; but on their approach to Windsor, they were arrested as prisoners, and on February 3d, 1539, were all hanged at Tyburn. It is right to mention that Lord Thomas became Earl of Kildare before his execution—for his fathers hearing of his misfortunes, died in the Tower, prior to his son's surrender, of a broken heart.

Before we conclude this narrative of the Geraldine, we must give the reader some account of the last male branch of the family, Gerald, who at the period of the catastrophe of his brother, his uncles and his father, was a boy of ten years of age, and had been luckily committed to the care and tuition of a good and faithful ecclesiastic, Thomas Leverhouse, afterwards Bishop of Kildare—he, on the apprehension of the uncles, took the boy in his arms, though in the full fever of the small pox, and wrapping him up warm, had him conveyed in a cleeve or basket into the fastnesses of Ophaly, and on his recovery carried him off to the county of Cork, to the Lady Elinor Fitzgerald, the widow of Mc Carty Riagh. She soon afterwards marrying O'Donnel of Tyrconnell, made it an article of her marriage settlement, that the northern chieftain should protect the Geraldine, which he faithfully promised but they were not a year in Ulster until he entered into a treaty with the Lord Deputy, to deliver up the boy, whereupon she shipped him off privately from Donegal to France, and when he was safe off, and provided with all the money she could procure, she then upbraided O'Donnel with his treachery, and told him "that nothing but the preservation of her nephew could have prevailed on her to marry such a clownish curmudgeon." Then, as he had acted as a false traitor, she would stay with him no longer; and she kept her word, for he never saw her more.

The young Geraldine did not remain long in France, for Henry being at peace with Francis I., claimed his subject, so he had to fly into Flanders, and from thence to Italy, where

he came under the protection of his kinsman Cardinal Pole; who it appears reared him well, and he did credit to his birth and education; for he did valiantly against the Turks in the service of the Knights of Malta, and became master of horse to the Duke of Tuscany. In this honorable service, as he was hunting in company with the Cardinal Farnese, he fell into a pit 60 feet deep, and had the good fortune, when within a few feet of the bottom, to catch some bushes, and gently descend on his horse, which lay dead at the bottom; here he stood for many hours up to his middle in water, and must have perished, had not his grifhound, missing his master, scented him to the pit, and then fell a howling, until the people attracted by the dog, came, and with a rope and basket drew him out. On the death of Henry VIII. he returned in disguise to England in the train of a foreign ambassador, and being at a ball, his finished manners, and beautiful person, captivated Mabel, the daughter of Sir Anthony Brown, Knight of the Garter, and marrying her, interest was made with the young monarch, who liberally restored him to his honours and estates.

TARA'S HALL.

In the library of Trinity College, Dublin, there is preserved the fragment of an ancient Irish MS. which contains a description of the Banqueting Hall of Tamar or Tara, which is very curious. It states, "That the palace of Tamar was formerly the seat of Con, of the hundred battles; it was the seat of Art, and of Cairbre Liffeachar, and of Cathor Mor, and of every king who ruled in Tamar, to the time of Niall.

"In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tamar was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven diu, or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments, one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping rooms for guards, and sixty men in each; the height was twenty-seven eubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking horns, twelve porches, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers, and nobles.

The eating hall had "twelve stalls, or divisions, in each wing, tables and passages round them; sixteen attendants on each side, eight to the astrologers, historians, and secretaries, in the rere of the hall, and two to each table at the door; one hundred guests in all; two oxen, two sheep, and two hogs, at each meal divided equally to each side."

The quantities of meat and butter that were daily consumed here, surpasses all description; there were twenty-seven kitchens, and nine cisterns for washing hands and feet, a ceremony not dispensed with from the highest to the lowest.

The harp that once through TARA's halls

The soul of music shed,

Now hangs as mute on TARA's walls

As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,

So glory's thrill is o'er,

And hearts, that once beat high for praise,

Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright

The harp of TARA swells;

The chord, alone, that breaks at night,

Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,

The only throb she gives,

Is when some heart indignant breaks,

To shew that still she lives.

Moore's Irish Melodies.

PRACTICAL ADVICE TO IRISHMEN.

One complaint against Irishmen is, that they are *unstable* and *proud*. It is commonly said, "you cannot trust an Irishman." Why? Simply from this circumstance—that Irishmen are warm and lively in their temperament—in other words, *volatile*. Now, this springs from—from what? Is it from the climate, from the soil, or from what? Why, our countrymen have not been *educated* to restrain themselves. Mark what we say. We refer all the differences between Irishmen and others to *education*—and that may be corrected. But if, in saying that an Irishman cannot be trusted, it is meant to be said, that he is unstable in his friendships, unstable in the performance of his moral duties, unstable in all those things which render him worthy of confidence, many